

MARVEL

11

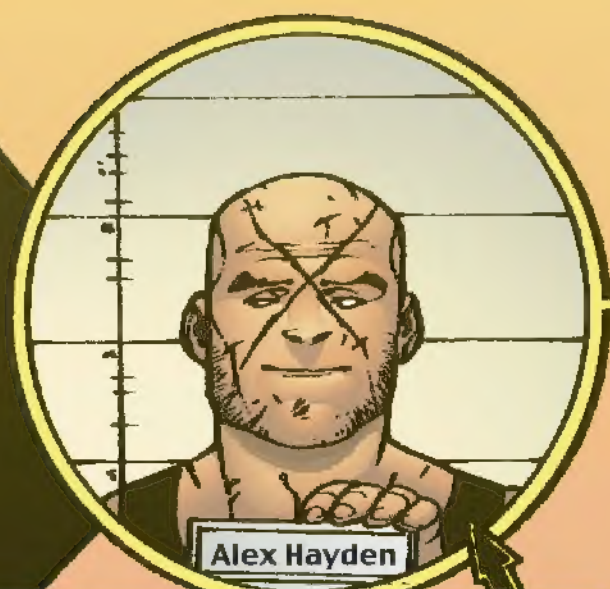
DORKIN
BOBILLO
SOSA

AGENTS X



PART 2 OF 2!
BE A MAN --
BUY YOUR GIRL
A COMIC!

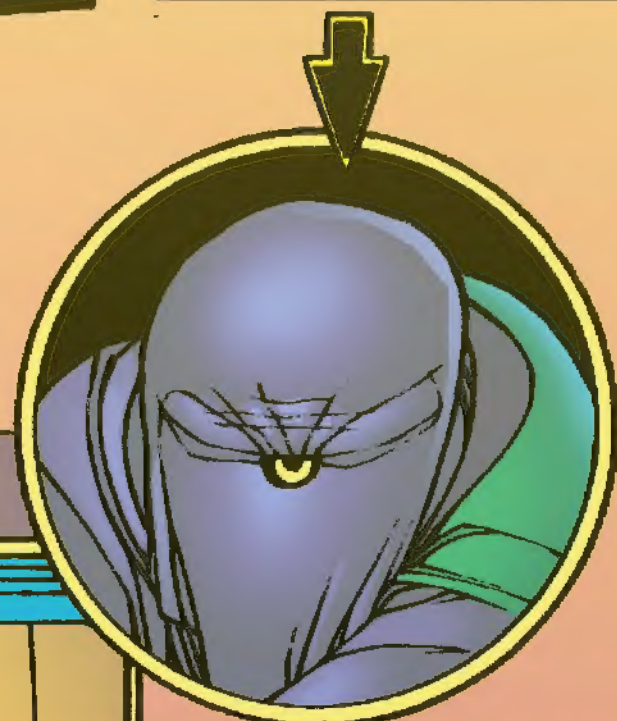
Plug-In Maniac / version 4.0
<Delta City assassin's local #451>
results of memory search:



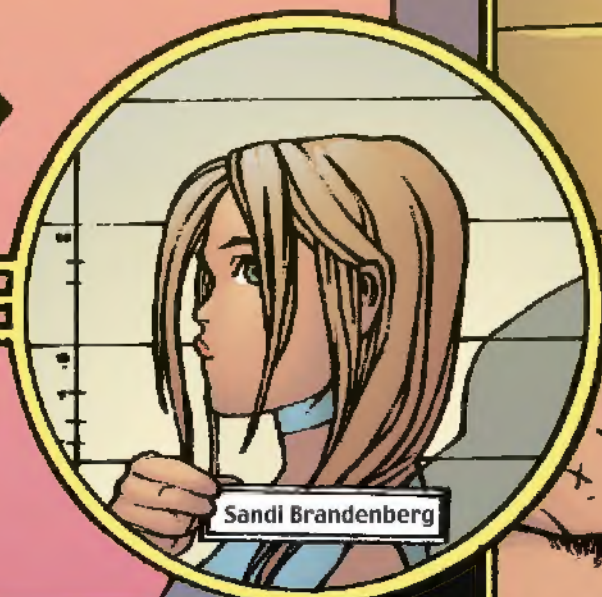
Alex Hayden

Alex Hayden, AKA Agent X:
renowned mercenary/assassin for hire,
partner Agency X <possesses healing/
regenerating factor, sophomoric sense
of humor. Note to self: Dismember and
burn corpse>

The Hooded Eye
Crime kingpin of Delta City
<Possibly insane>



Urrrk - hey,
Gort -- easy on
the kung-fu death
grip -- my doctor
says I'm pressure
sensitive --



Sandi Brandenburg

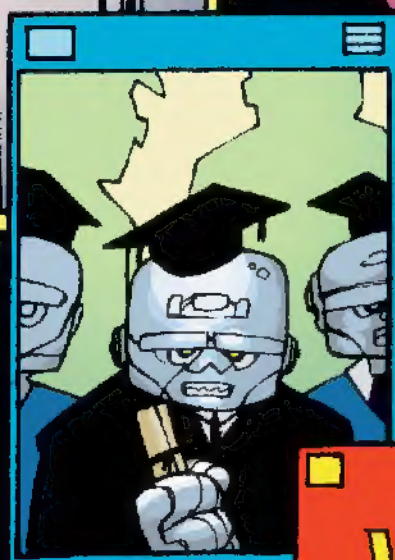
Sandi Brandenburg:
Not so renowned mercenary/
assassin for hire, partner
Agency X. <turn-ons: long
walks, kill ratios, Agent X>

Beverly LaCoco:
Fight-Man's ex-wife,
current arch enemy
<Definitely insane>



Frank Bigelow, aka Fight-Man:
Disgraced former Delta City super-hero /
parolee. <Nigh-invulnerable / nigh-imbecilic>

Agent X due for termination in 4.2 seconds
via explosive separation of head region,
barring any unforeseen event, such as...



WARNING!!!

Warning!!! Sensors picking up intense kinetic
activity/heat trace app. 4.1 meters east and
approaching rapidly... <Suggested course of
action: Pray to God it isn't Fight-Man!!!!>

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TOO LAAAATE!!!!

Aaargh!

Hot damn!
I *thought* I heard
evil simmering in the
kitchen!

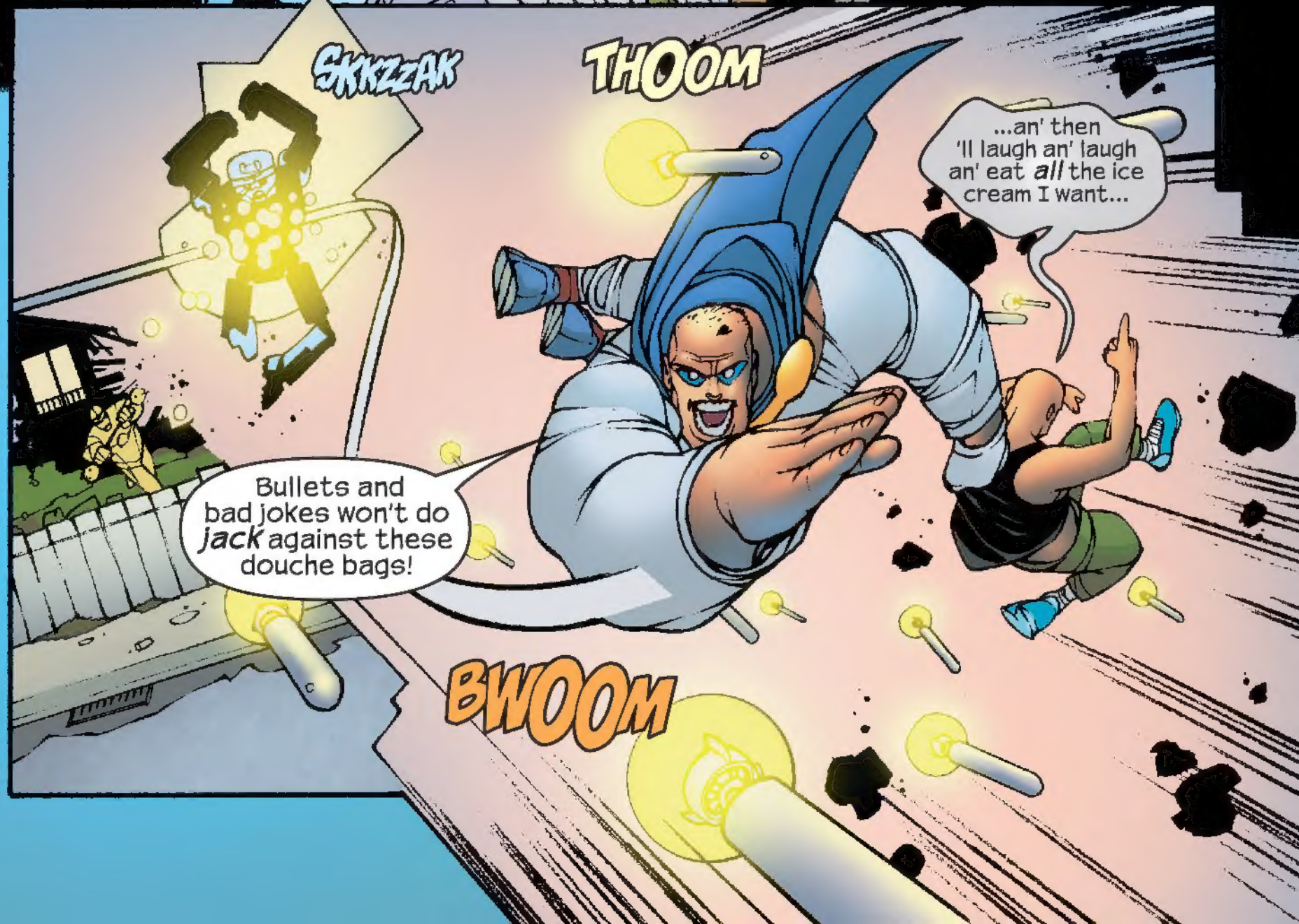
Don't worry,
kid! You're in safe
hands now that
Fight-Man's back
on the job!

Urrrgh!

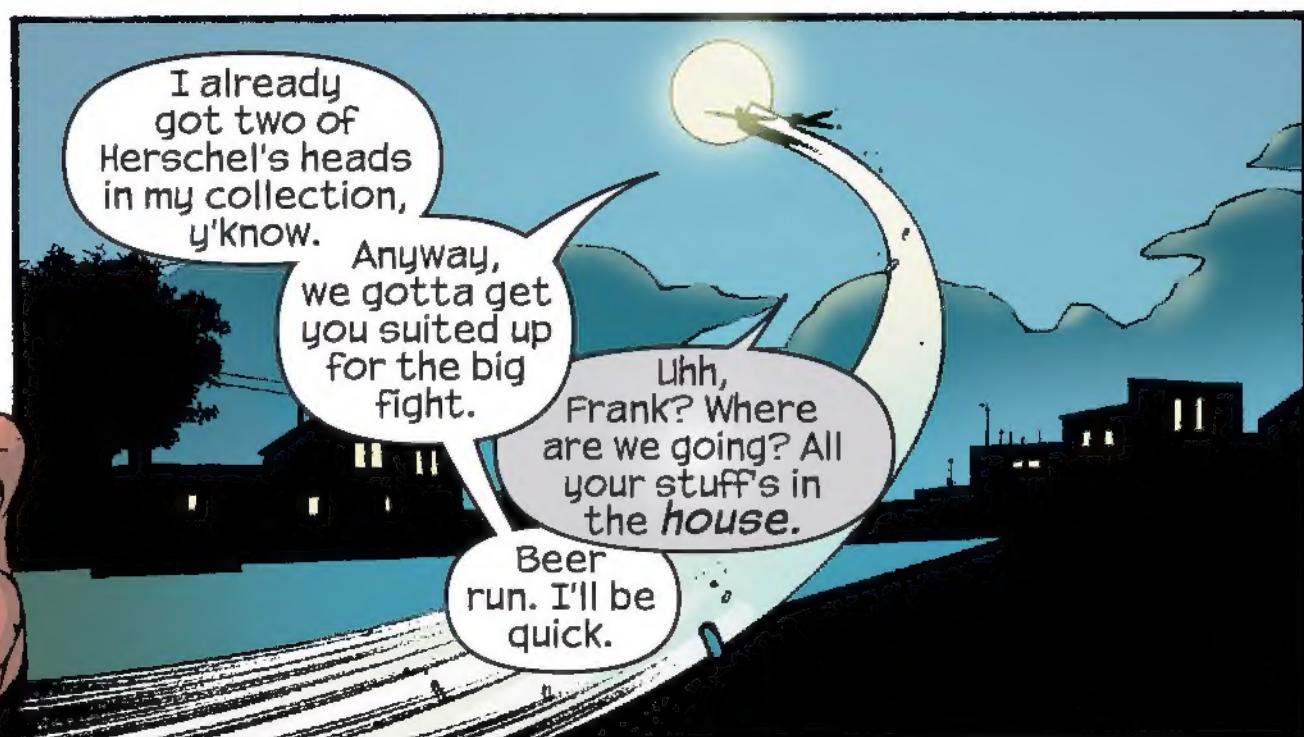
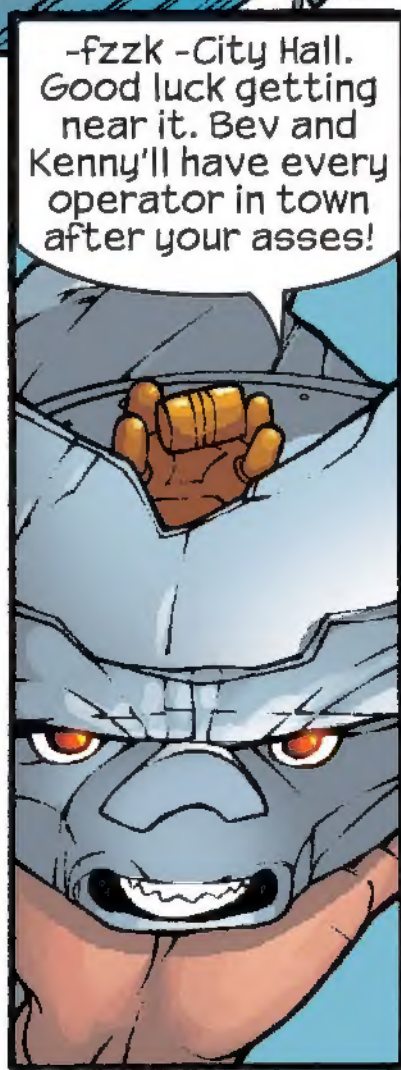
Owwww!
You *idiot*, Frank!
I'm on *your*
side!

**FIGHT THE
POWER!**

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Eye evades prosecution!

Me

I don't know, Alex. It makes you look like a villain.

Sure you don't want to wear Fight-Boy's costume? Tyrone was pretty tall for his age when Babe Ruthless slit his throat.

Sorry, man, tights ain't my style. 'Sides, there's still *blood* on them.

What's that for?

It's my plan to infiltrate the villain's secret base! See, I put this on, and then I take you in as my "prisoner", and then we go inside and we win!

I saw it on the A-Team. It'll only take an hour.

Whoa, whoa! You're talkin' subterfuge, right? Sissy ninja sneakin' around in pajamas crap? Pffft! Why don't we redecorate their hideout and slap on some Judy Garland while we're at it?

Okay, but let's rescue Sandi first. *Then* we can pick out curtains. How do you feel about organza--?

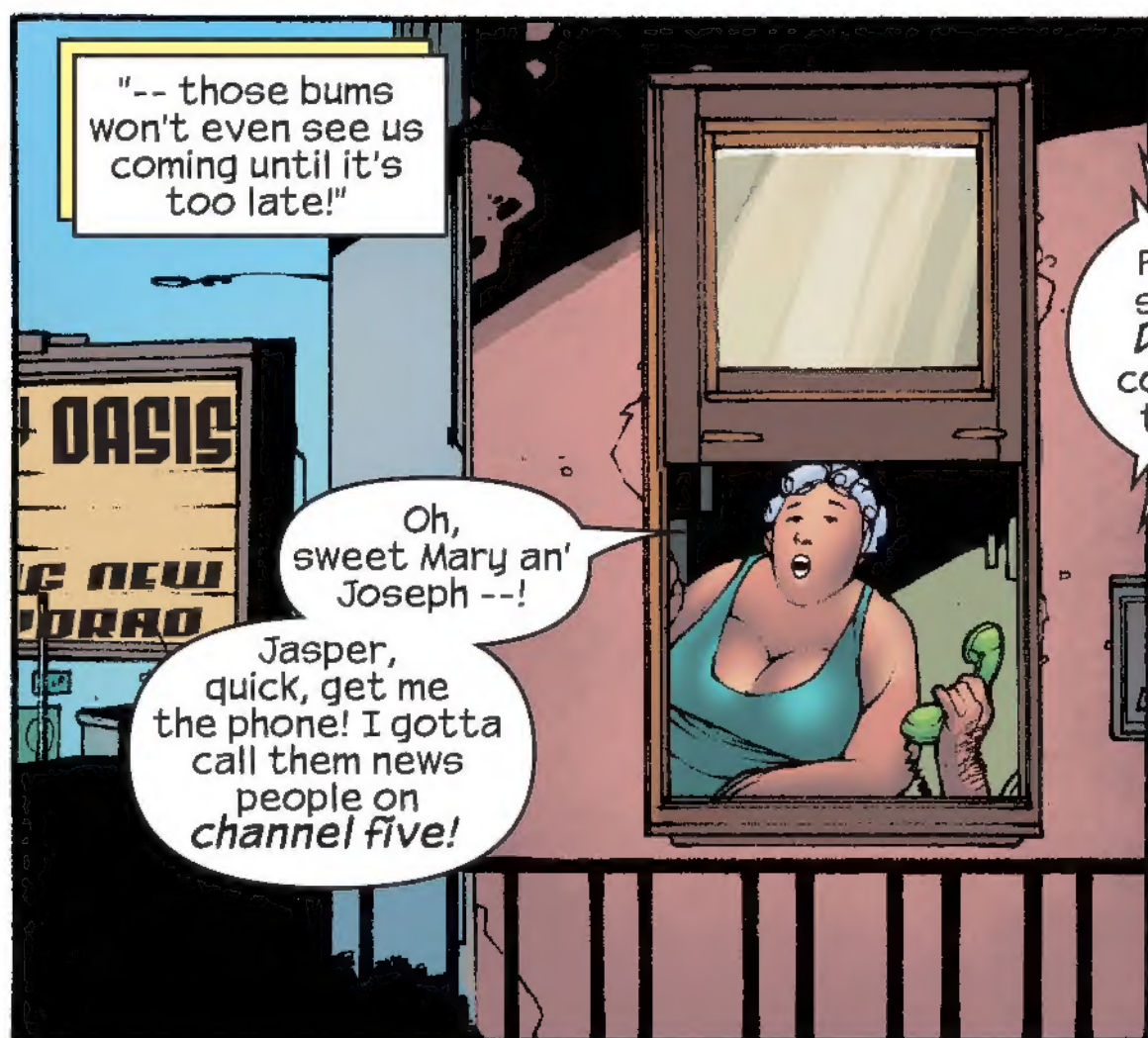
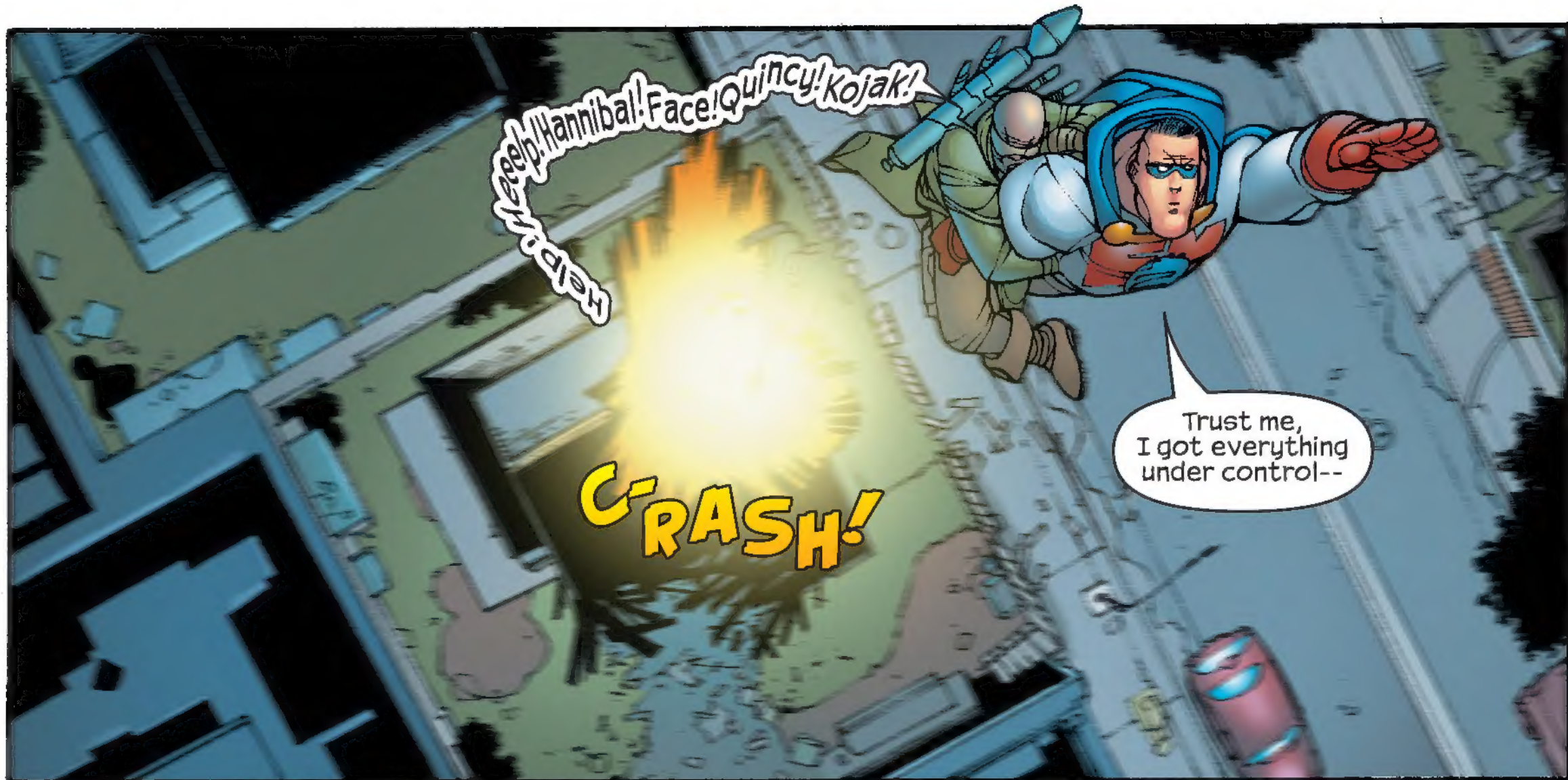
No, no, no! Listen! We blitz 'em! Hit 'em fast and hit 'em hard!

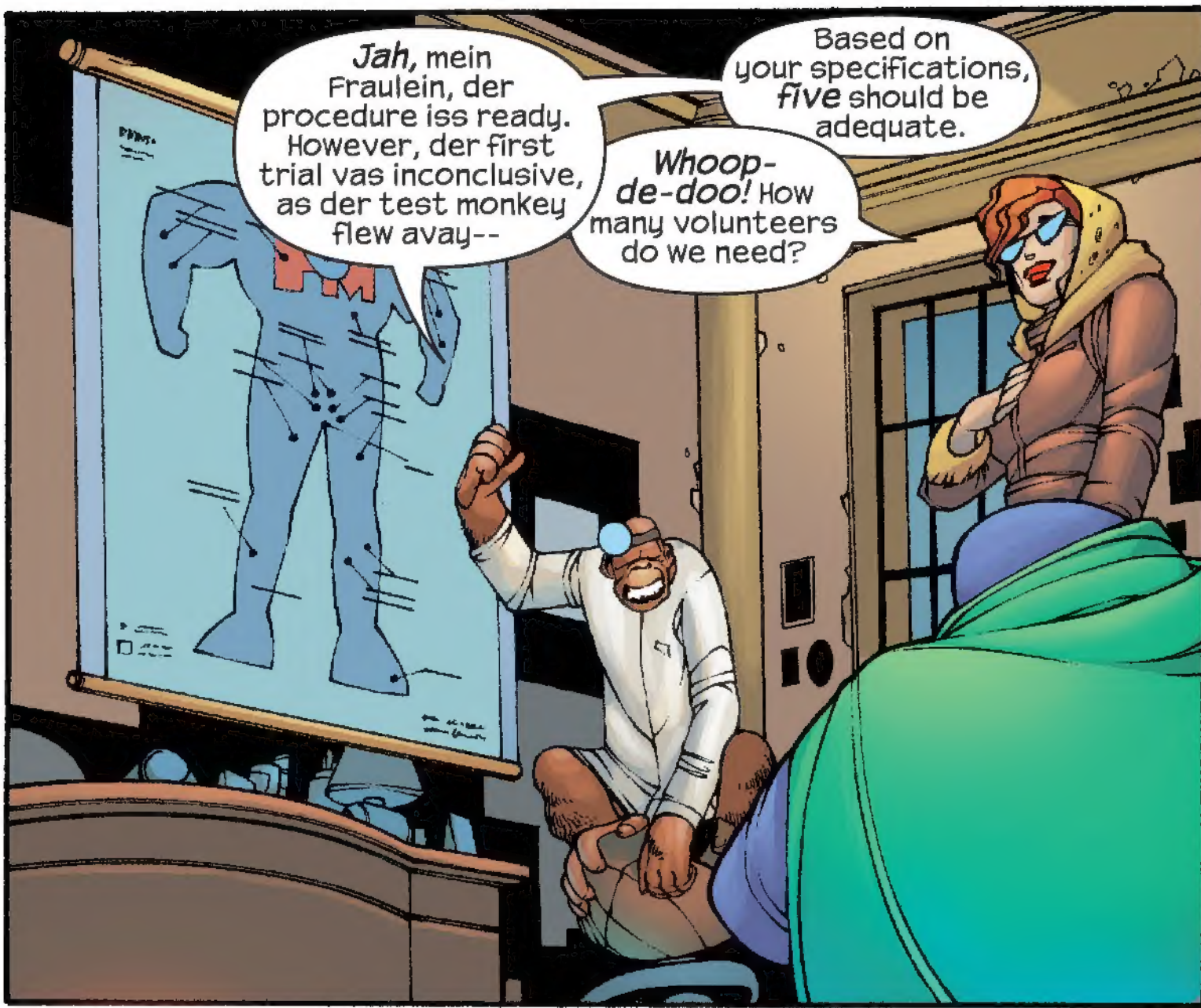
POW POW POW!

Look, normally the Dresden approach would flood my erectile tissue something fierce, but if I ever hope to see Sandi in a Japanese schoolgirl's outfit I--

Hey! Unhand me, you brute!

Relax, kid!





Jah, mein Fraulein, der procedure iss ready. However, der first trial vas inconclusive, as der test monkey flew away--

Whoop-de-doo! How many volunteers do we need?

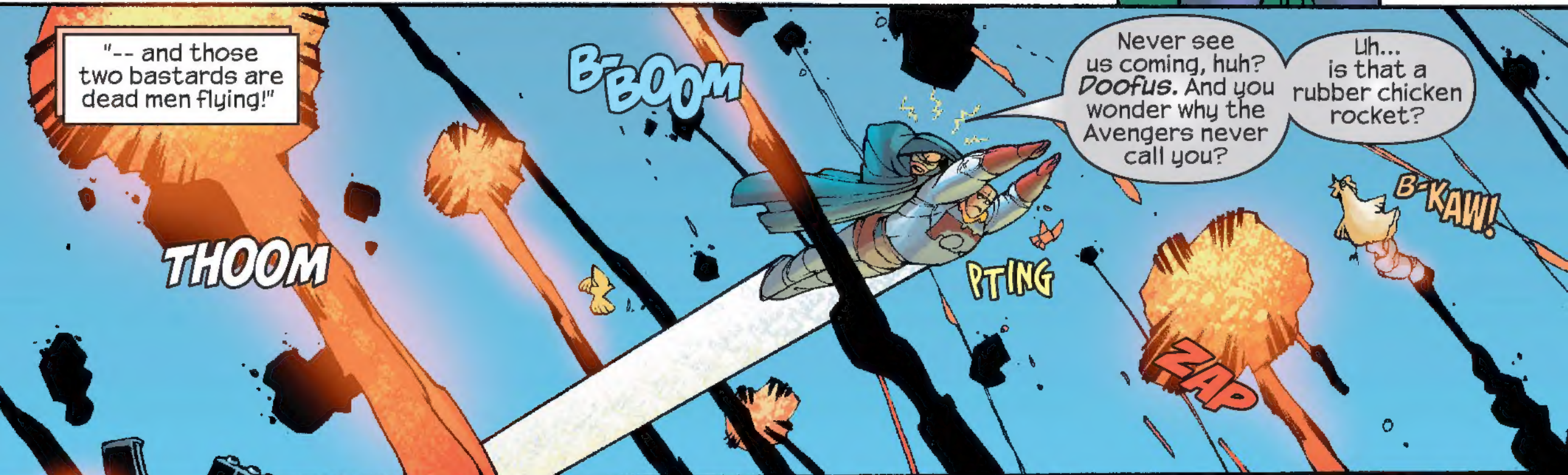
Based on your specifications, **five** should be adequate.



You heard the lady, doc.

Round up five of our biggest and not so brightest.

Oh, Kenny, you *darling*! You know what this means, don't you?! I'm the luckiest girl alive--



-- and those two bastards are dead men flying!"

B-BOOM

Never see us coming, huh? *Doofus*. And you wonder why the Avengers never call you?

Uh... is that a rubber chicken rocket?

B-KAW!



Look at that, X! Fifty acres of scum and villainy, just *waiting* to be plowed! The Plaid Bug, The All-New All-Hate Squad, Crimeasaurus Rex--

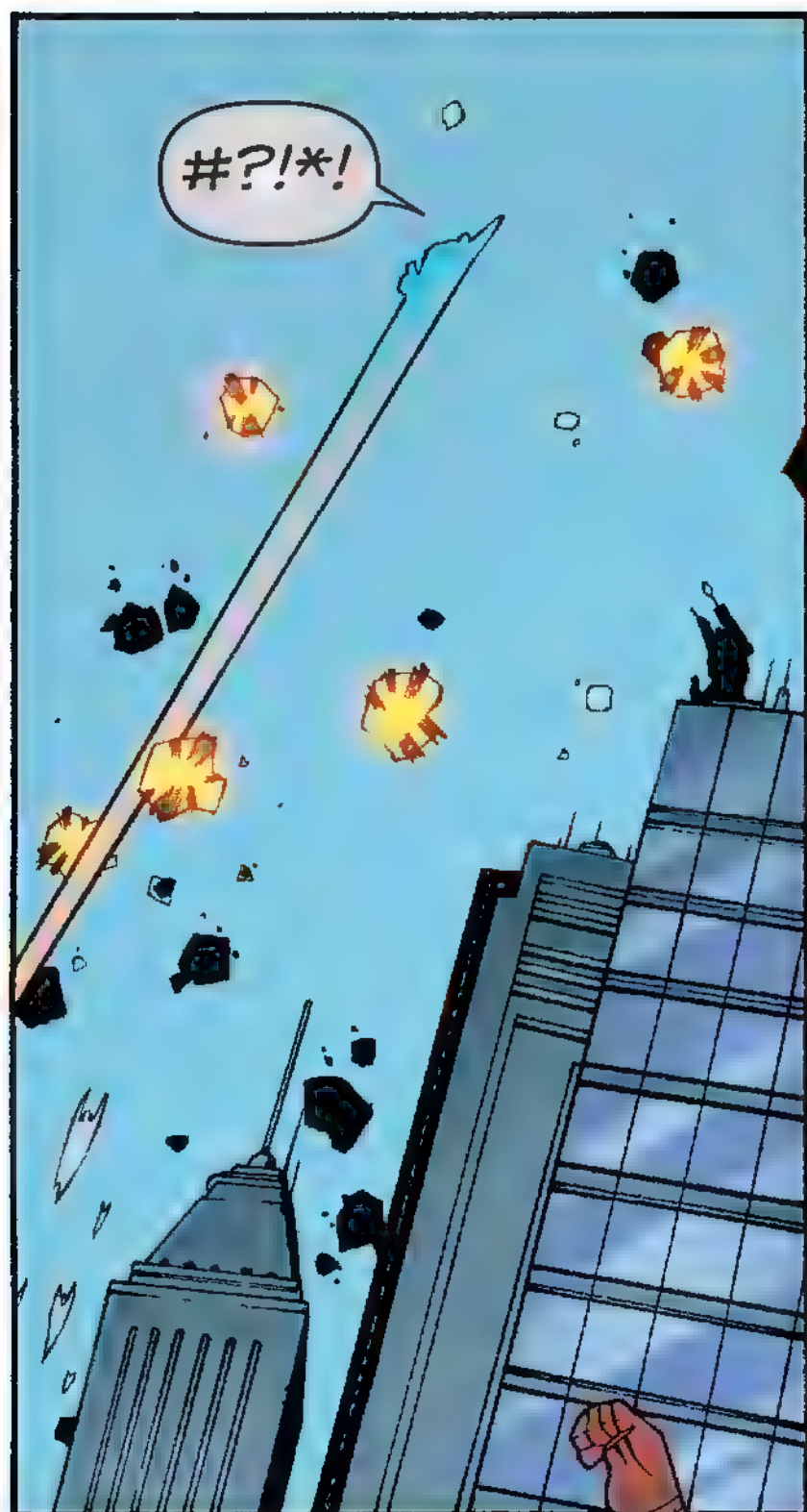
Yes. We must kill many with stupid names.

What?! How can you say such a thing with all this attempted murder going on around us!

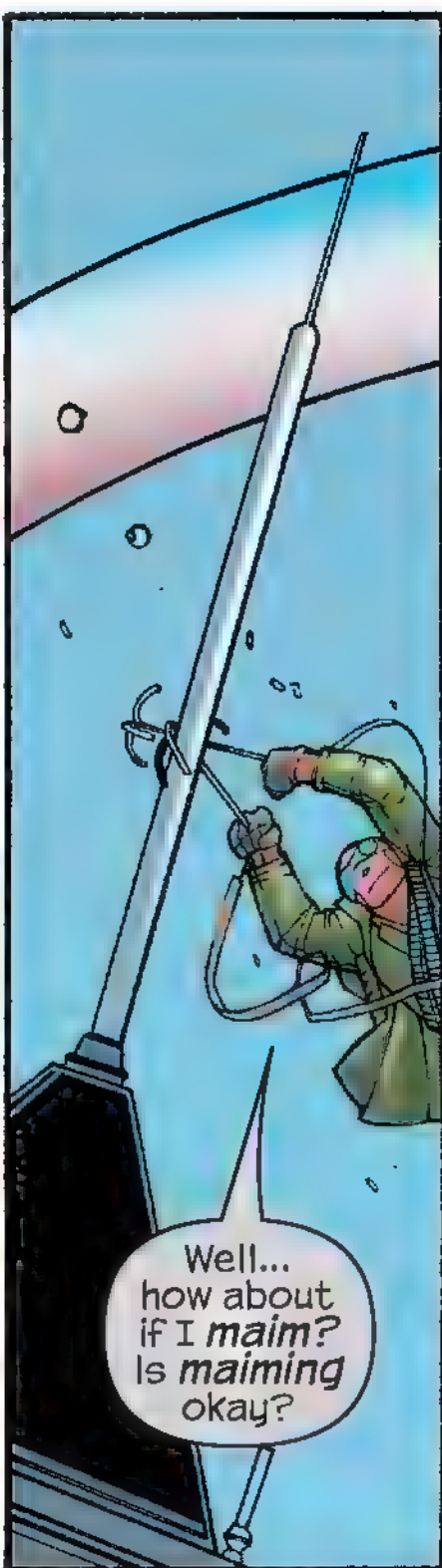
C'mon, Frank, *all* God's chillun loves killin'! It's the national pastime!

I *told* you, I got a super-hero code against killing! And I uphold it very *violently*!

Whoa, time out! No killing, partner!



#?!*!



Well...
how about
if I *maim*?
Is *maiming*
okay?



Sure, go for
it! Be creative!
I mean, hell--



--it's not
like we can't
have fun with
this!

Stupid code
against killing.
Ruin my entire
night.
Yeah,
yeah.

23RD STREET

Hey, Frank!
Let me just shoot
one guy in the face!
Please?

No!

AGENT X

BLOWS!

EIGHT-MAN
SUCKS

18TH STREET

C'mon, Frank,
two in the eyes with
hollow points! He won't
feel a thing, I swear!

No!

12TH STREET

How about
if I just kill a
little fella? Y'know,
like an evil midget,
or a diabolical
fat kid?

I said no,
dammit! Go cripple
someone if it'll make
you happy!

I've been
crippling since
I got here! It's
lame!

9TH STREET

What about one of the monsters? I mean, c'mon, who'd report it? Hello, police? My monster's been shot dead.

Would you please just shut up and fight?!

8TH ST

7TH ST

6TH ST

Okay, I have to admit. This *is* kind of fun.

I still want to shoot a guy in the face, though. Or a monster.

sigh

LAST STOP:
CITY HALL.

Uhh, boss,
shouldn't we be
outside fighting? Our
side's losing pretty
badly out there--

I assure you, *Roman
Candle*, your presence
here is of utmost
importance to the
cause.

Within moments,
all of your combined
powers and abilities will
contribute to the
swift and utter defeat
of our enemies!

Cool. But
with all due respect,
sir, then why's
Ms. LaCoco here? I
mean, *she* ain't got no
powers--

Yeah, well,
obviously you've
never seen me work
my tongue over--

Bev, for
pity's sake,
not in front of
the villains!

Actually,
gentlemen,
Fraulein Beverly is
sort of der control
figger for der
experiment--

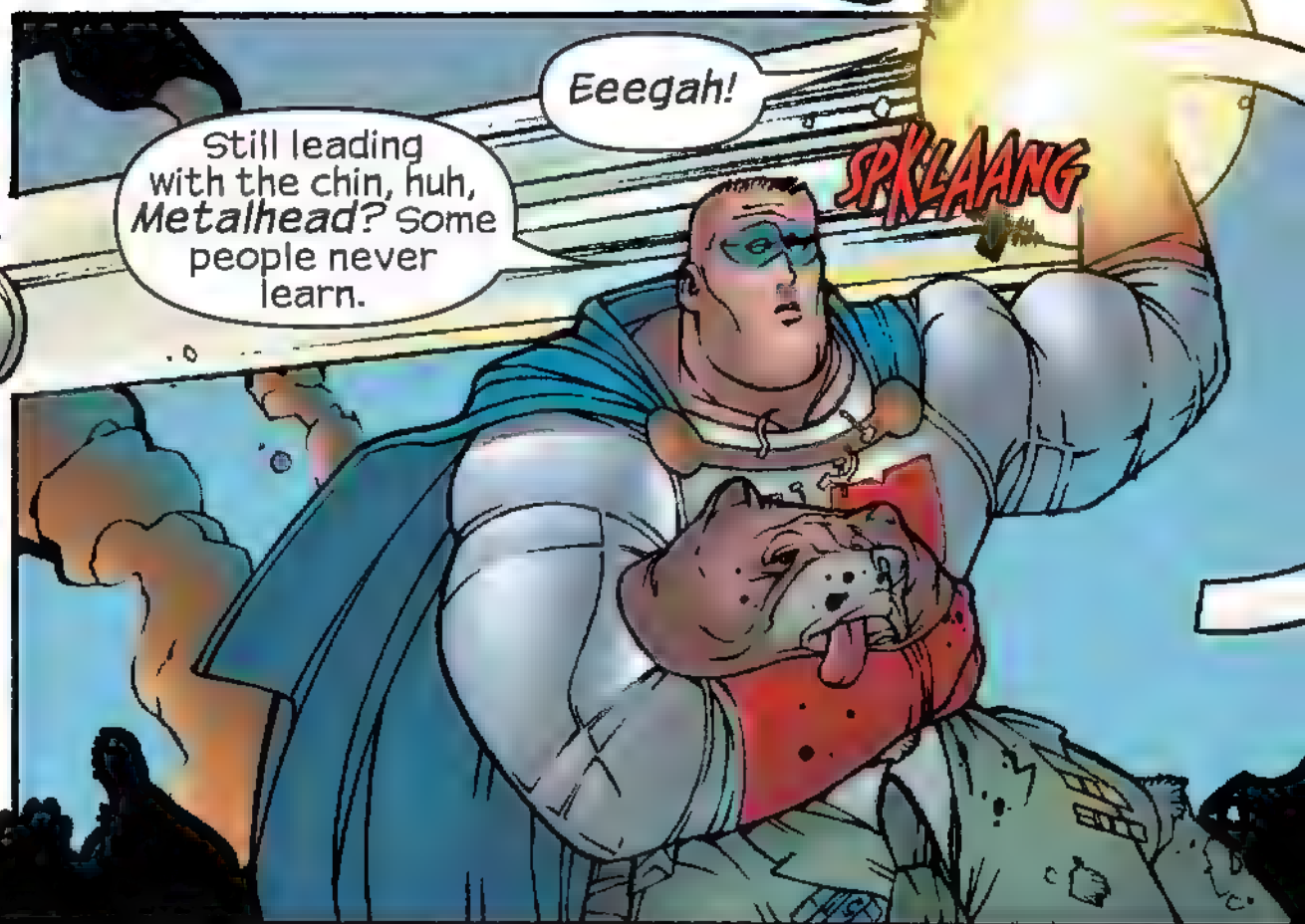
Oh, skip the
monkeycrap,
doc, and just
throw the \$!#@
switch!

Jawohl,
mein fuehrer!
Lonk liif Fraulein
Beverly--

"-- und death to
Fight-Mensch und
Agent Ecccchs!"

Yes! Finally!
I got the guy that's
been shooting chicken
rockets at us all
night!

Uhhh-- Oh, yeah,
that guy. Slappy,
or something. I
hate that guy, hit
him again--







Sandi!
You're okay!

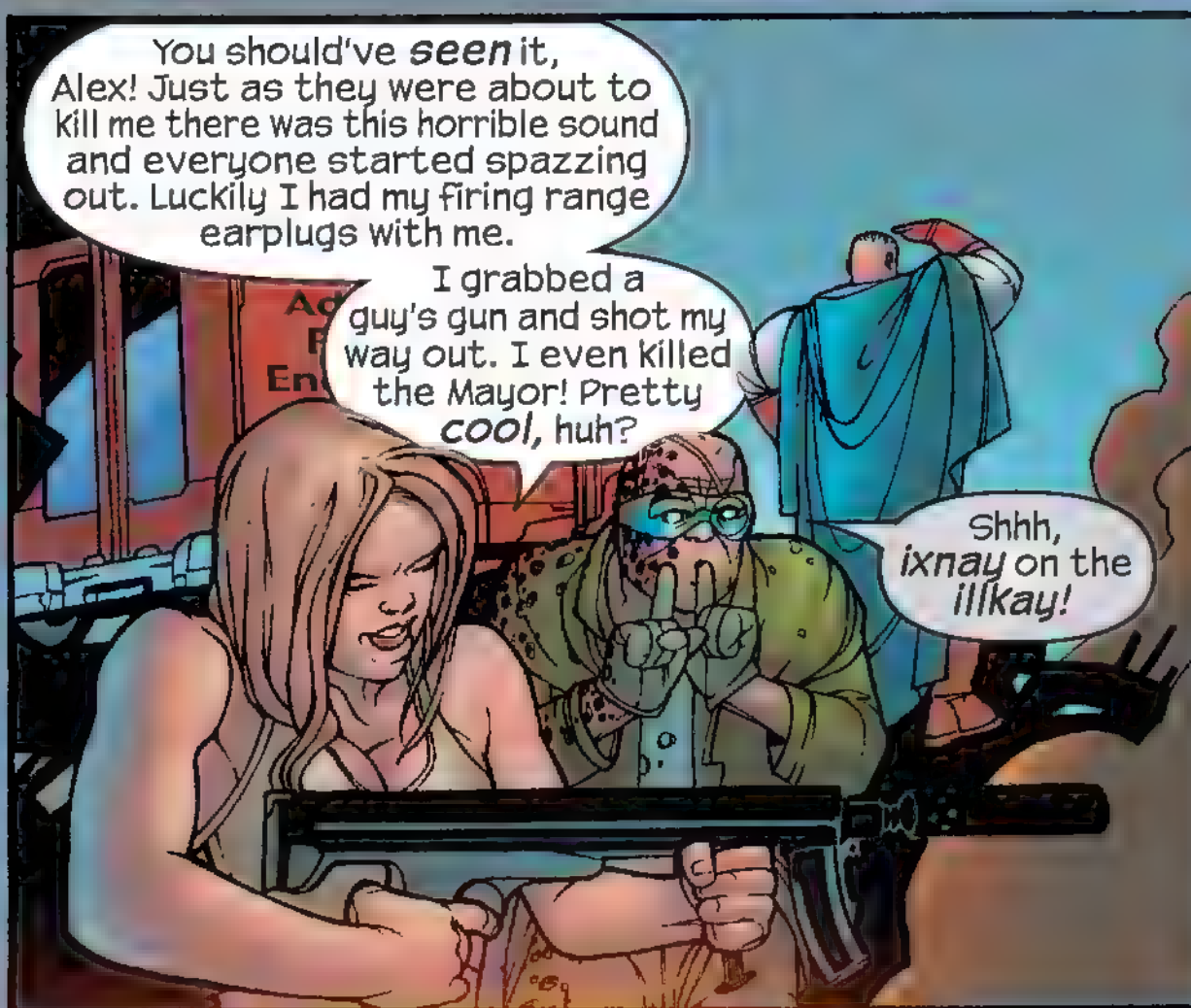
And damn,
girl, you're lookin'
hotter than a Nike
sweatshop!



Oh, hey,
Frank, this is
Sandi, the girl
I tried to kill
you with.

Charmed.
You didn't happen
to see my *wife* and
some creep in a
hood, did you?

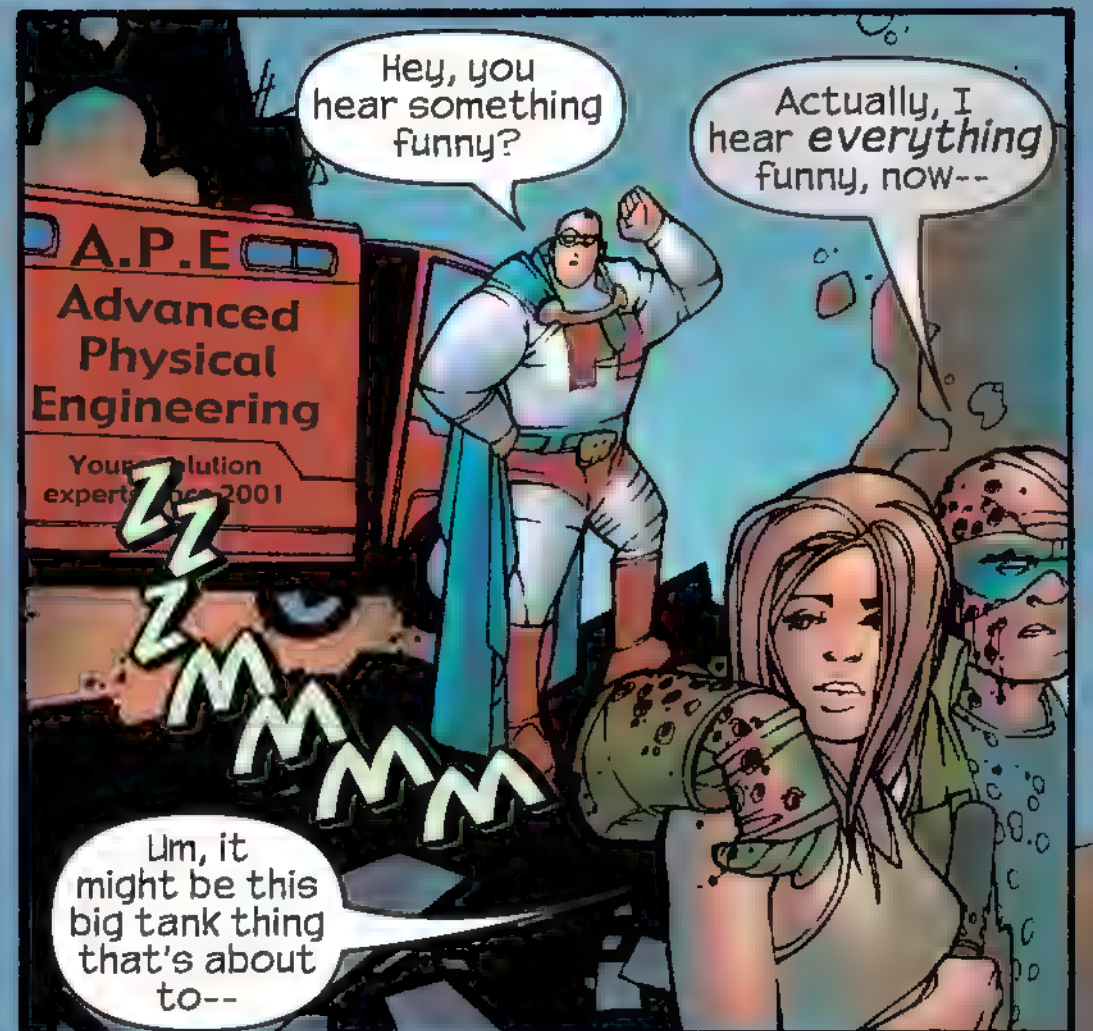
Not
recently. I
would've *shot*
them if I did.



You should've *seen* it,
Alex! Just as they were about to
kill me there was this horrible sound
and everyone started spazzing
out. Luckily I had my firing range
earplugs with me.

I grabbed a
guy's gun and shot my
way out. I even killed
the Mayor! Pretty
cool, huh?

Shhh,
ixnay on the
illkay!



Hey, you
hear something
funny?

Actually, I
hear *everything*
funny, now--

Um, it
might be this
big tank thing
that's about
to--

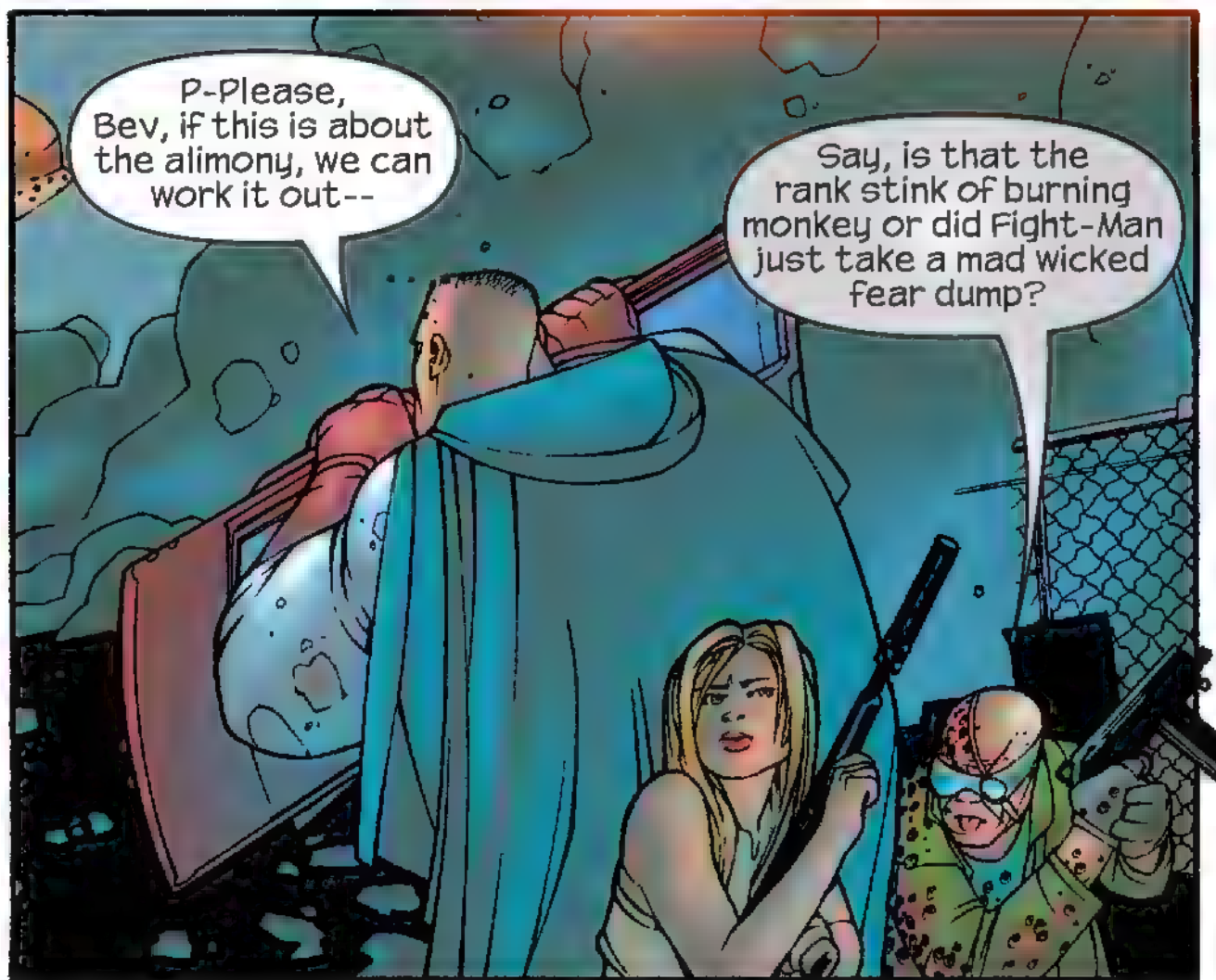


SKA-

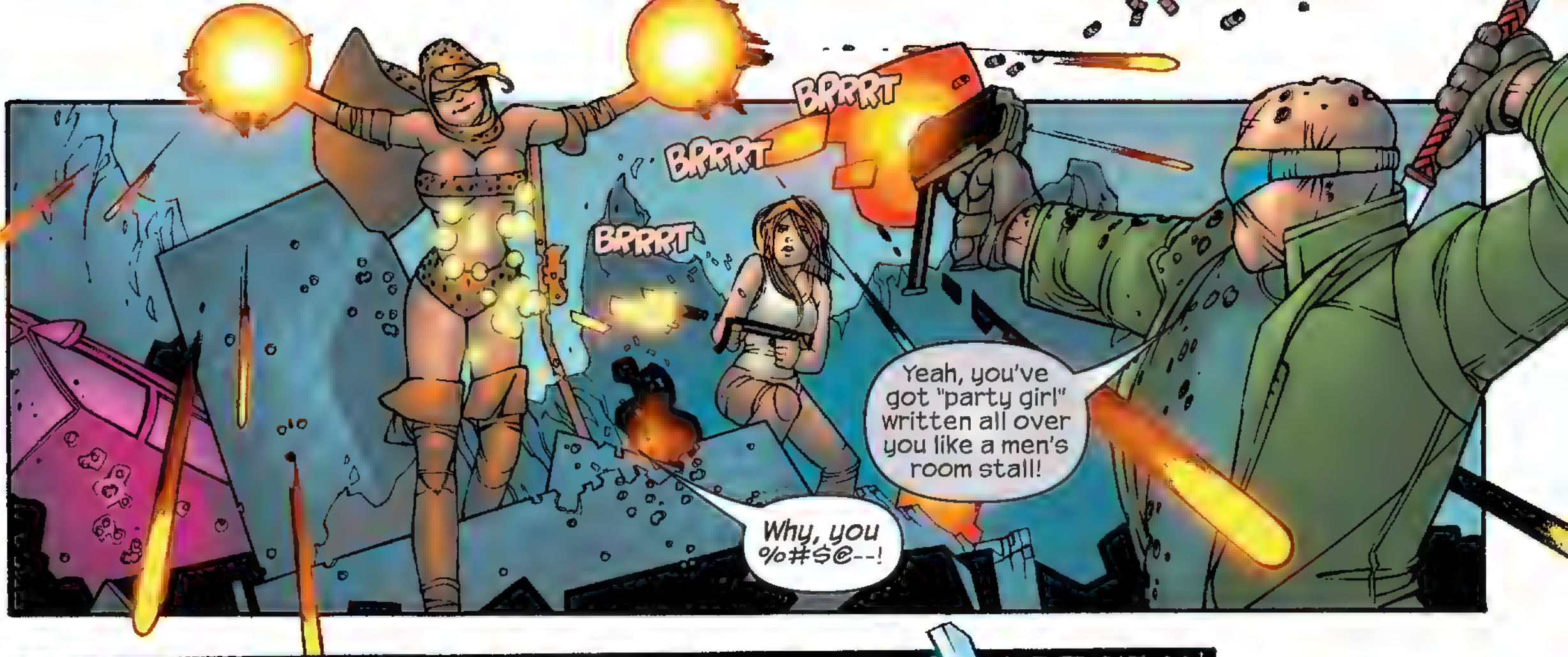
KOOOM

Alex!
This is no time for
foreplay!

Aw, You're
no fun to be
blown up
with!









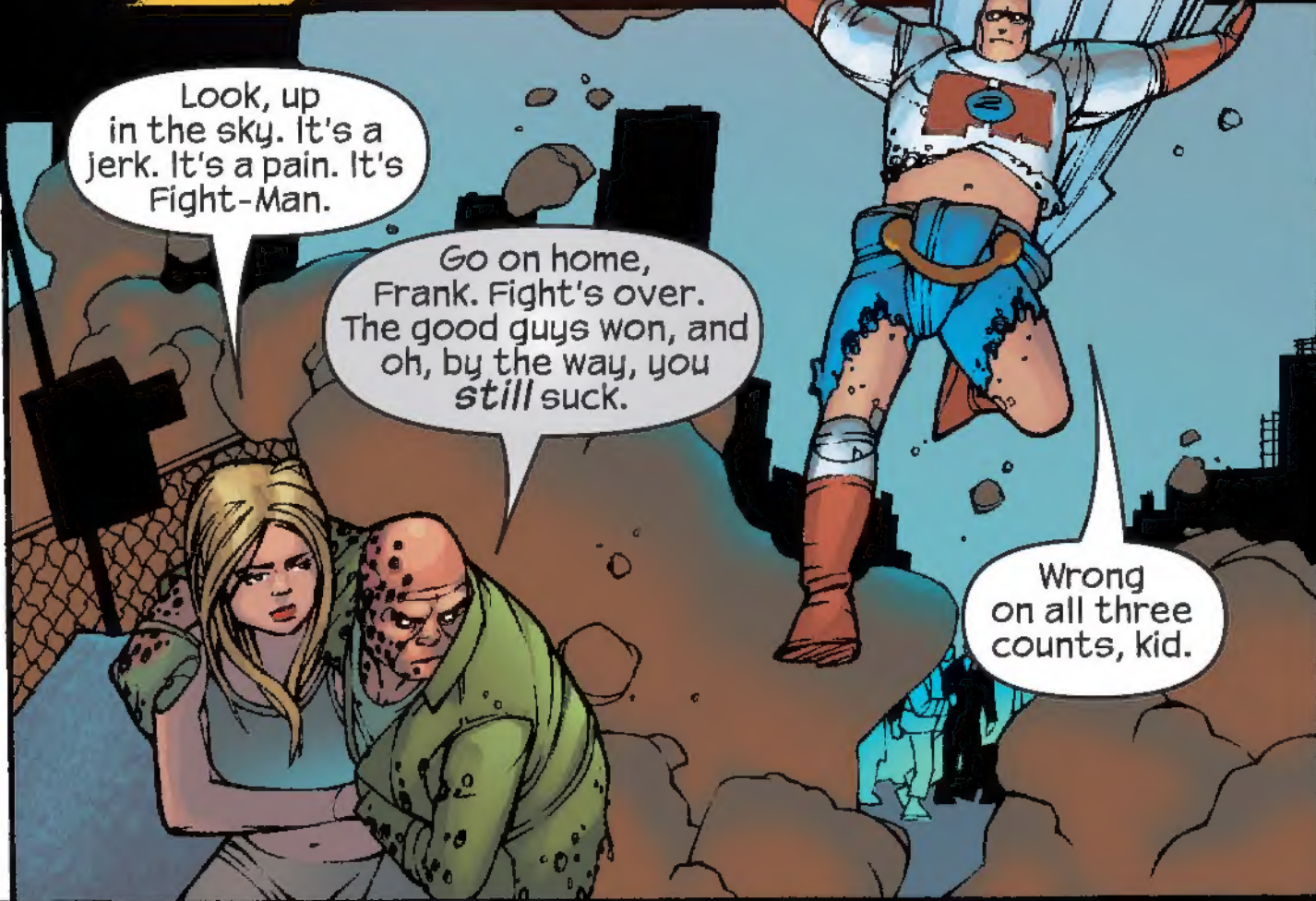
Oh, you've got to be kidding--!

Metalhead! You're fi--



Wow. Jim Thompson on a two-week bender wouldn't have written *that* ending.

Well, it's certainly *fitting*. Bev always did like big, noisy climaxes.



Look, up in the sky. It's a jerk. It's a pain. It's Fight-Man.

Go on home, Frank. Fight's over. The good guys won, and oh, by the way, you *still* suck.

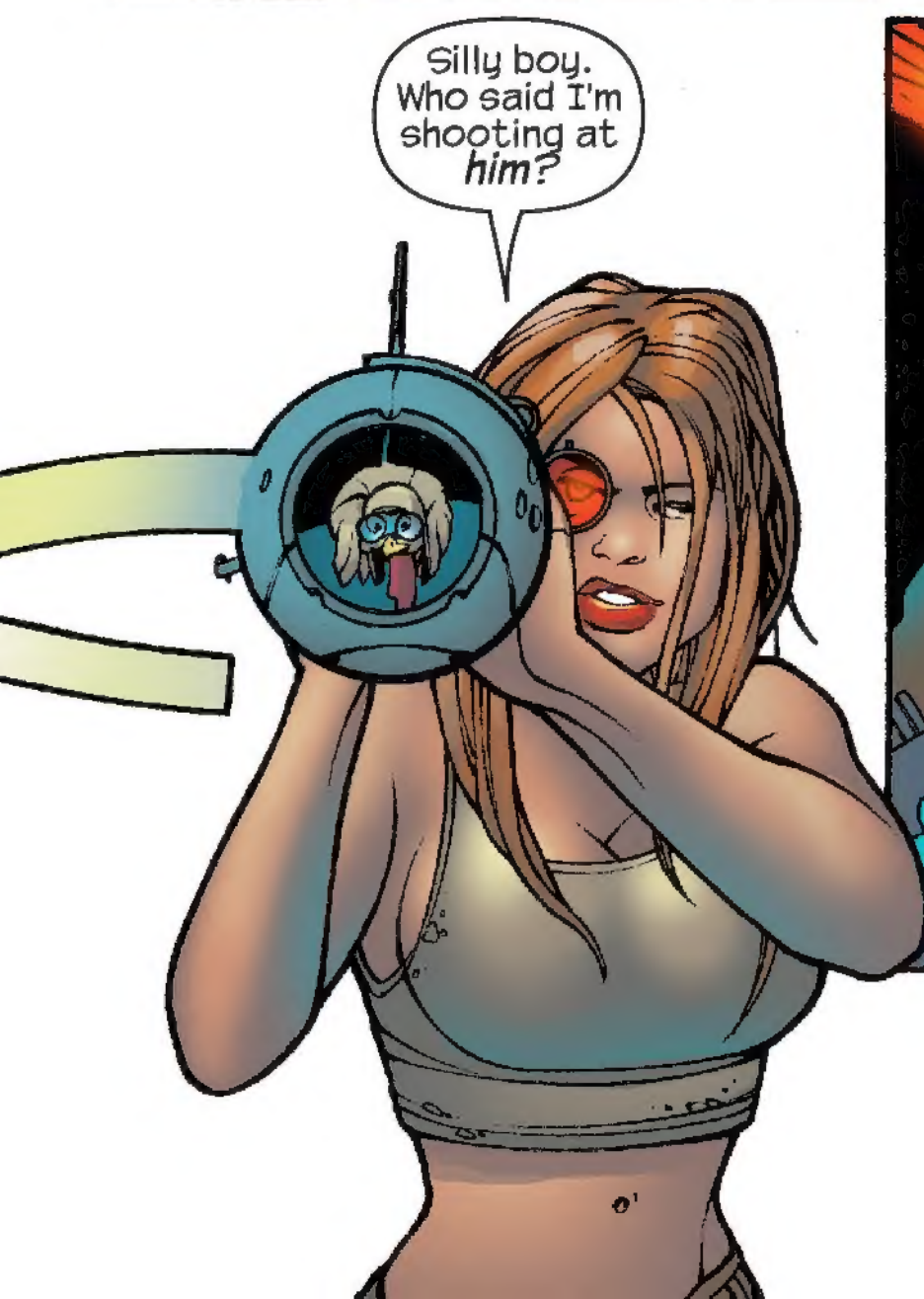
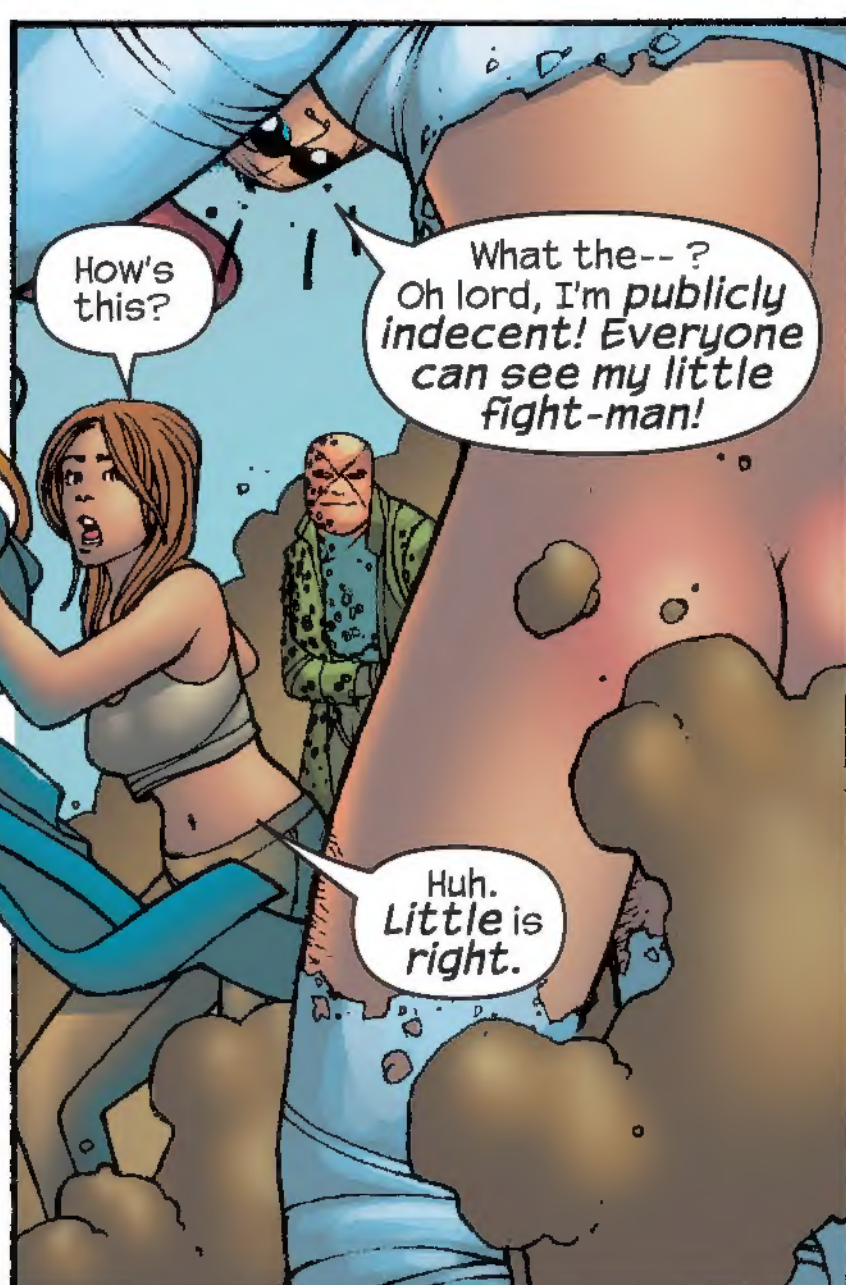
Wrong on all three counts, kid.



What's *that* supposed to mean?

You didn't really think I was gonna let you two get away with trying to *kill* me, did you?

I *like* you, Alex. But you're a *professional assassin*, a bad guy. And I figure the more *bad guys* I bring to justice, the better shot I got with the parole board.







MINUTEMEN

Bluntman